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Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained;
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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LOUIS SPOHR'S SECOND ORATORIO "THE LAST HOURS OF THE SAVIOUR."

BY HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT.

[Concluded from p. 199, vol. ii.]

AFTER the scene we last noticed, in our remarks on this fine specimen of Spohr's abilities, the apostle Peter is introduced, to whom is assigned a bass song, expressive of the bitter agony of his soul at the recollection of his cowardly denial of his master. The movement is in E \flat , and presents a favourable study of the characteristics of the composer, in the treatment of his single melodies. Although not deficient in interest, yet it is not one of the highest emanations of Spohr's genius. Serene and placid it is, and possesses much of feeling and sentiment; but the situation of the scene requires a deeper and more passionate tone of thought, a greater abruptness of expression, and features more strongly marked of intense and conflicting passions. The motivo is soothing and devotional; and, as is usual with our author, the harmonies are exquisitely pure in their character and progression. The flow also of the melody is in Spohr's accustomed style—divided and broken into short phrases; and the analogies are so provokingly regular and correct, as to become tedious, if not somniferous. The proportions are, however, eminently beautiful, and the delineation faultless; so much so, that those who only regard the surface, would perchance overlook the refined taste and finished dexterity in composition exhibited by the writer. This song is followed by a fugue, which bears a strong resemblance to those in C major, in his Missa for ten voices, and his First Psalm. Spohr fails essentially in fugue writing, the epic branch of the art, and the conformation of his harmonies renders it impossible for him to succeed in the effort. He moves "like a fly in a glue bottle." The subjects he takes are generally, like the present one, exceedingly simple, almost school-boyish, and although perspicuously wrought out, yet there is in them no high original fancy, or vivid fervour of imagination. There is ingenuity, but no invention; admirable skill, but no interest. The leading feature of his style—that of the chromatic and enharmonic—feters his imagination. The phrases

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and periods are generally connected together by the chromatic descent of a semitone on the chord of the $\frac{6}{4}$, or by the familiar progression of falling fifths, (or rising fourths) both of which are, of course, merely parenthetical, not growing out of the original subject, or leading to a second one. His fugued movements are written, as it appears to us, in paragraphs; there is no continuous stream of harmony, with its murmurings, at first deep and distant, until gathering strength in its progress, it rolls onward, a mighty and irresistible current, enriched with magnificent and varied scenery, and awakening in the soul images of beauty, and sublime grandeur. Such is the fugue of Sebastian Bach, flowing out of "the unfathomable depths of his oceanic mind." Such also the fugues of Beethoven; and we fearlessly pronounce the one in B flat, in his second Mass, (for eight voices, in D) as the most wonderful essay in fugued composition, which has appeared since the inimitable productions of the great Leipsic composer.* In fugue writing, the mode of thought, its progression and developement, must grow with and feed upon the subject; the costume, the drapery of the figures are here matters of trivial, or rather no importance, except so far as they necessarily bear upon the theme. Spohr has no sympathy with his subject; he stands *ab extra*, and dresses it out in a tricky, meretricious kind of garb, which neither attracts the feelings, nor interests the imagination of the auditor. His best efforts in this kind of composition are the fugues 'Blessing and honour,' in the *Last Judgment*, and in 'Er wird erlösen Israel,' his Third Psalm: next to these, are perhaps the concluding chorus in the oratorio alluded to, 'Thine is the kingdom,' and the chorus, 'Thine is the kingdom,' from the *Unser Pater*.

The great and predominating cause of this composer's comparative failure in this high branch of the art, is that which has been already stated to be the essential character of his style—the profusion of his chromatic harmonies. A phrase, carrying with it a series of diminished intervals—imperfect fifths—diminished sevenths, and ninths in melodious succession, can only be correctly treated in one way. Spohr ascertains the true orchestral position—the best way of disposing the balance of the harmony; and conscious of its strength and beauty, invariably adopts the same positions. And therefore as the progression or developement of his *motivi* grows out of his harmony, their peculiar construction is the necessary vehicle of his mode of thought; and the melody, with its deductions, amplifications, and additions, becomes matter of secondary consideration. He thus lays himself

* Bach's fugues always remind us of Coleridge's description of Rubens' paintings. "Rubens," says the poet, pointing to one of his pictures, "does not take for his subjects grand or novel conformations of objects; he has, you see, no precipices, no forests, no frowning castles,—nothing that a poet would take at all times, and a painter in these times. No; he gets some little ponds, old, tumble-down cottages, that ruinous chateau, two or three peasants, a hay rick, and other such humble images, which looked at, in and by themselves, convey no pleasure, and excite no surprise; but he—and he, Peter Paul Rubens, alone—handles these every-day ingredients of all common landscapes, as they are handled in nature; he throws them into a vast and magnificent whole, consisting of heaven and earth, and all things therein. He extracts the latent poetry out of these common objects,—that poetry and harmony, which every man of genius perceives in the face of nature, and which many men of genius are taught to perceive and feel, after examining such a picture as this. In other landscape painters, the scene is confined, and, as it were, imprisoned: in Rubens, the landscape dies a natural death; it fades away into the apparent infinity of space."

open to the charge of mannerism; and as he avoids *the inversion of the pedale*, and the wide field and unbounded regions of *the diatonic discords*, partly perhaps because he has lived so near the era of Beethoven,—we must honestly confess that we do not expect to meet with a fugal composition from his pen, written in the good, olden, and perennial style of its founders.

The drama now unfolds itself, and the genius of the composer is tried to the uttermost in the portraiture of the inexpressibly touching scenes which follow each other in fearful and rapid transition. The remainder of the first part is taken up with the trial and condemnation of the Messiah by the court of the Sanhedrim, and comprehends the following movements: 1. Scene in B minor: the arraignment of the Messiah; a chorus of priests; the testimony of the three witnesses; and the awe-striking oaths entered into by both parties. 2. Quintett in F, expressive of the bewildered and perplexed grief of the disciples; their calm and holy resignation; their earnest supplications for the manifestation of divine assistance. 3. Recitative and chorus in D minor: the protests of Nicodemus, and Joseph of Arimathea; and the denunciations and ungovernable fury of the angry multitude in consequence. 4. Recitative and chorus in A minor: the interrogation of Caiphas, "Art thou the Christ?" the answer of Jesus, and prediction of his second advent; the charge of blasphemy thereon founded; and the wild and tumultuous cry of the blood-thirsty populace, "To the cross—crucify him."

The first movement (in B minor) is of the most sombre and solemn character, admirably and consistently carried on to its termination; nothing extravagant or grotesque, wild or fantastic, like the fitful dreams of Weber. The deep low murmurings of the single bass voice, intermingled with the rich and massive harmonies, the dark, uncertain, and suspended modulations of the accompaniment, are finely contrasted with the uplifted voices of the chorus appealing to heaven, for its recognition of the sanctity of the oaths which had just trembled on their lips. The agitated portrait of this gloomy scene is relieved by the simple and pathetic movement in F, which is written with a soul-felt delight in beauty, uncorrupted by the lightest shade of affectation, or the semblance of a desire towards unnatural excitement. The chorus in D minor contains a fugue upon rather a trite and feeble subject, which is worked out in but an ineffective manner. In the chorus in A minor, it may be remarked that Spohr again evidences his habit of reproducing former ideas, by the insertion of the chromatic sequences which are to be found in the chorus 'Destroyed is Babylon,' from the *Last Judgment*, upon the words "The graves, the sea, give up their dead:—the seals are broken," &c.*

The second part of the oratorio opens with the dragging away, in malignant triumph, of the meek sufferer to the place of execution, outside the gates of the city, succeeded by his crucifixion and death. This includes, together with the recitatives of the *dramatis personæ*, a march in F# minor, upon which is grounded a chorus of the disciples;

* The thought is not original. It occurs in the adagio of the fine fugue in F sharp minor, part of the Credo of Bach's *Missa* in D major, at the words "Expecto resurrectionem mortuorum."

a chorus in G minor, priests and people, 'Physician heal thyself; he saved others, himself he cannot save.' The distress of the disciples is exemplified in an aria in A♭ for a soprano; terzetto in E for female voices; a chorus in D♭; when the scene closes with a short movement in E major, introducing a grand movement in C minor. The terzetto in E is the gem of the oratorio. It is truly a composition that "wears a channel in the heart;" and is replete with such tones as suffering humanity, in its innocence and blamelessness, would, in pure and holy resignation, look up to its all-seeing Creator. Spohr's reputation has been for some time past, (to use an expression of Dr. Johnson applied to Milton,) "stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current;" and he need not fear the impartiality of this or a future generation. Such a movement as this is, is not a little likely to swell the stream of honour which still farther awaits him. The dim and dream-like melody, interchanged amongst the sweet and solemn voices; the calm deep spirit of piety; the tenderness, repose, and peaceful character, sustained so exquisitely and evenly throughout, are the passionate creation of a genius who must have long treasured in his inmost heart the "blessedness of beauty"—soft and gentle apparitions of loveliness, which he here pours forth, as it were, to relieve a soul "full of concealed tenderness." It breathes forth the words of their divine master, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted;" and stands in fine contrast with the bursts of uncontrollable malignity, fiend-like mirth, and horrible energy, which darken the preceding chorus. The round, or canon in D♭, is characterized by the composed and devout expression of an untroubled spirit, in the midst of trial and sorrow. The chain of modulation before the words, "It is finished," has been previously used by Spohr in the first movement of the *Sinfonia Characteristique*, and also in other movements of his composition, and there applied to the expression of very different emotions of the mind.

The chorus, which grows out of the interrupted cadence upon the last word uttered by our Saviour, is descriptive of the earthquake, and its attending supernatural horrors; striking dismay and remorse into the souls of the multitudes; and is the offspring of one of those richly gifted spirits, whose brows are enriched with the wreath of immortality. It carries with it the fiery impress of learning and sensibility; impetuously pouring forth the irrepressible feelings of his heart, reckless of the reception they may meet with from the unthinking public. But cold and icy indeed must that heart be, dull and stupid that imagination, which does not quail before such a scene of magnificence, so vividly—so grandly portrayed; and we doubt not its performance will instil in the minds of the auditors a sensation of awe, which will at once bind down and hold captive the imagination of the most indifferent.

There is, however, much in it that we have seen before; some things from Beethoven, but more from Spohr himself. In imitating Beethoven he has done little more than Rossini has before ventured on in the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. Spohr has certainly not the universality of genius which distinguished Beethoven; but he possesses more than enough to force the admiration of all who know any thing about the science, and its wide field of invention. It is for us to venerate him, and be thankful; and we will be the last to extract for him the reproach of our great poet:—

"If there be nothing new; but that which is
Hath been before—how are our brains beguiled,
Which labouring for invention bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child."

The rise of the storm is certainly a wondrous effort; the dead silence, as if there was no such thing as sound in the creation; the mysterious and undefined hush of the elements; the slight current succeeding; the low, wild, whispering, and wailing voice of the wind, then deepening and rolling and roaring onward, until peal after peal of the thunder-crash bursts forth from the broken mass of clouds, wrapt in one broad sheet of flame and fire. This is a scene which the music of Louis Spohr depicts with a vividness and energy that are perfectly appalling; and in so doing he evinces a strength of mind, and an accumulative memory, which brings to his aid the whole powers of the science. Following the example of Handel and Beethoven, he adopts the chord of \sharp with a force at once prodigious and electrifying; while the interrupted cadence at the close (upon the dominant G,) with the enharmonic change (upon the E natural,) immediately following, has all the irresistible and overwhelming effect of a thunderbolt.

The burial scene, which closes the oratorio, is highly descriptive. The small band of disciples, faithful and true, now no longer entertaining the long-cherished illusions of temporal power, and kingly dignity, assembled in the stillness of the midnight hour, to close from their sight the late habitation of the disembodied spirit, is presented to the mind in tones which elevate, by their solemn and pathetic progress, the imagination to that eternity which succeeds the world, and the world's grave. The melody is simple, like a corale; and after treating it in the contrapuntal style, the movement concludes in unison, whilst the instruments carry on a distinct and separate accompaniment.

We have expressed our opinion of Spohr's genius faithfully and candidly, as well as our ability and means of information would permit; and we have spoken, perhaps with enthusiasm, because we feel that this composer's works have not met with that share of public attention and approval which they so richly merit. That the characteristics of his writings are but dimly and imperfectly known to the multitude, we are readily prepared to admit: we go even farther, and hesitate not to affirm, that but few (an isolated band) of the members of the profession, have carefully analyzed his style; and if so, how can it be expected that it should be communicated, made intelligible, or put into practice, by the generality of musical amateurs? What composer, what performer, what instrumentalist, in this country, adopts the characteristics of his diction? We know of no native composer who has embodied his style as it respects the harmony, and much less the extremely symmetrical and artificial character of his melody. In briefly referring to his style, we consider his harmony, which is essentially chromatic and enharmonic, remarkable. 1st. For its division. 2dly. Its disposition for the orchestra, which is a feature perfectly distinct from its division. 3rdly. Its purity. 4thly. Its progression. 5thly. Its weight, or volume. His melody is distinguished, *in its phrase*, 1stly. By its remarkable brevity, or terseness. And, 2ndly, its *cantabile*, or sweet and soothing character; and, *in its analogy* (a great feature of the composer's), or exquisitely graceful symmetry. All these characteristics are blended

into a unity, in all respects far above the fitful flashes of Carl Maria Weber, and the other operatic writers of his day. Mr. Bishop has, in some measure, followed the division of the composer's harmonies, but nothing more. The exceeding art displayed in their disposition, he has not attempted to imitate. His style of instrumentation is exceedingly skilful, and he may naturally prefer it. Mr. Barnett has also done the same thing, and in some measure adopted the *cantabile* of Spohr's melody, but not the analogy—its great and leading feature. The division of Spohr's harmonies may be correctly obtained and performed on a keyed instrument like the organ, or a piano-forte. That is readily secured by a careful study of his writings; but the disposing of them amongst some twenty different instruments is quite a different affair. Here the composer stands alone; the collocation is inimitable; the tone of colouring delicious; the effect transcendent. Every different quality of tone is so beautifully blended with its fellows, that the ear cannot separate the chord. No growling of trombones, no squeaking of horns, no *tiers* of perfect fourths, and we know not what in the oboes and clarionets, but it is truly the multitude in unity. In this respect he is the master-spirit of the age; and his works deserve the most earnest attention and perusal of the musical student; who, if he wish to become an ornament to his profession, must pore over the pages of Sebastian Bach, Beethoven, and Spohr; the first because he concentrates—the essence of the old school; the second because he carries out, with a wild luxuriance of power, the close-wrought imaginings of his predecessor; and our author, for that use of their splendid conceptions, which we have faintly and imperfectly attempted to pourtray. Other names of the honoured dead occur, as worthy models of the study of rising genius; but the length of this article warns us of the necessity for its close.

MANCHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL. (CONCLUSION.)

ON the SECOND DAY, the whole of the reserved places were occupied; the unreserved ones (those in the gallery) not fully, although more so than on the first day. The programme for this day consisted of a selection from the Judas Maccabeus, Jephtha, Passione of Haydn, and the Solomon, as it was performed last year at the Exeter Hall Festival, culled, arranged, and adapted, by Sir George Smart. The second part comprised, 'Let the bright seraphim,' the air 'A te fra tanti affanni,' from the "Davide penitente" of Mozart, and the whole of Spohr's "Christian's Prayer," being its first public performance in this country. The third part was occupied by the chorus 'O clap your hands,' Neukomm; the duet 'Qual anelante,' Marcello; an air by the Chevalier Neukomm, 'Oft from the steep;' and a selection from the oratorio of Israel in Egypt. Here was a noble provision for the guests; and it will be seen in the sequel, how daintily it was served up.

After the performance of the overture and Dead March in Saul, Mrs. Bishop sang, with good style and spirit, the recitative and air 'From mighty kings.' The song never was a prodigious favourite with us; that, however, is not her affair,—and she certainly did justice to it. The recitative 'Deeper and deeper still,' and air 'Waft her angels,' no one can sing with the combined excellence of just expression, and dramatic effect, (for it is a fine piece of acting) of Mr. Braham; we think of this performance as we do of Kean's Othello, or any other isolated piece of high talent: it is to be remembered,

and talked of to posterity. But Mr. Braham does not always answer our anticipations of his performance; and this arises more from caprice, than physical inequality. Upon the present occasion, for instance, he delivered the recitative with all the vigour and pathos that has been his wont, and which the subject demands, and so richly deserves. But alas! in the air his fit of caprice came upon him, and he introduced a most villainous cadence. As the man says in the play, it is a little too bad to be thus ducking, and wiping one dry;—wiping and ducking. We confess with regret that we have no commendation at hand to offer Madame Caradori, upon her performance of the lovely air 'Farewell, ye limpid streams.' It was a sad, tricky, artificial piece of business. Oh how differently did Miss Stephens sing it! The quartett 'Tu di grazia,' is one of the most lovely, though not, in our estimation, the most eminent in point of design and construction, of the seven movements which constitute the entire work of Haydn's *Passione*, or the "Seven last words of the Saviour on the Cross." Some of our readers may not be aware that these several movements were originally purely instrumental compositions, and were first performed in the cathedral at Cadiz, for which place of worship they were written. We have heard that Michael Haydn, the brother, subjoined the text: the composer, however, in his preface to the complete edition, distinctly says: "It was only at a later period that I was induced to annex the text." "The task of writing seven *Adagios*, (he adds) each of which was to last about ten minutes, to preserve a connexion between them, without wearying the hearers, was none of the lightest." The manner in which they were originally performed was: "The Bishop ascended the pulpit, pronounced one of the seven words, which was succeeded by reflections upon it. As soon as these were ended, he descended from the pulpit, and fell on his knees before the altar. This pause was filled by music,"—one of the movements in question. The same ceremony was repeated seven several times. Haydn himself considered the *Passione* the "finest of his works," in which estimation he is joined by almost all the most eminent musicians, the Abbé Stadler among the number—a friend of the composer, and a man of great accomplishment, and refined musical taste. 'Tu di grazia,' the second movement in the series, was very charmingly sung by Mrs. Bishop, Messrs. Terrail, Bennett, and Lablache. Madame De Beriot, who was suffering from severe indisposition, came forward to sing the fine air by Pergolesi, 'O Lord, have mercy upon me.' They among the audience and performers present, (and there must have been many) who remember with admiration Bartleman's manner of singing this air, could not, we should think, have drawn a comparison unfavourable to the admirable artist then before them. In our judgment, it was a perfect specimen of high vocal talent. Upon the words "My strength *faileth* me," with that nice perception of the poetry of her author, she introduced a subdued shake. Mr. Bennett deserves much commendation for the judiciously chaste style with which he sang the 'Gentle airs,' from Handel's *Athaliah*. Every one retains a grateful recollection of Mr. Lindley's accompaniment to this delicious strain. In the selection from Solomon, we have the pleasure to renew our testimony in favour of Mrs. Shaw's just perception and excellent reading of the part of the real mother. Mrs. Knyvett too sang very sweetly the pretty little hymn 'What though I trace,' and Mr. Machin was effective, and even superior, in the nervous song 'Thrice blest that wise, discerning king.' Mr. Braham did not appear to advantage in the part of Solomon. Whether it was that he felt no relish for the music, he certainly made but an untoward business of the accompanied recitative 'Israel attend.' And again, at the close, upon the words 'May you *lose* him from your arms no more,' he wandered away into so perplexing a labyrinth of a cadence, that a "hue and cry" might with propriety have been issued to find *him*. As regards the

performance of the choruses, we have few remarks to make that will not run into panegyric. 'From the censer,' 'Swell the full chorus,' and 'Praise the Lord,'—the last a construction of sheer magnificence, all went to the admiration of both audience and instrumentalists. These chorallists of Manchester and its neighbourhood have every inducement to exert themselves; for their progress towards perfection has been most encouraging. In the second part, after the performance of 'Let the bright seraphim,' by Mme. Caradori, with Harper's delicious accompaniment, came the solo 'A te fra tanti affanni,' from Mozart's "Davide penitente;" a strain of deprecation and passionate yearning, that place this wonderful musician above all others, for intense perception of the tender, the graceful, and the pathetic. If Ivanoff surpassed himself in giving full expression to this aria, the band also deserve full credit for the very masterly manner in which they accompanied him.

We cannot proceed the length of some of our contemporaries, in rejecting Spohr's musical illustration of the Lord's Prayer. We cannot, with the *Times*, feel it to be monotonous and wearisome; or with the judicious writer in the *Chronicle*, that it is "deficient in melody." That it wants "simplicity (of treatment) and repose," in almost all the movements, we yield to that unprejudiced critic; while we fully accord with him in questioning the poetical discrimination of the composer, in surcharging the lowliness and simple strain of that petition "with the *fortissimo* roar of many voices, the thunder of drums, and the brazen clang of trombones and trumpets." All this fierce colouring is scarcely in keeping with the prevailing sentiment of the subject. "Spohr is a great man;" to recur again to the opinion of the critic just quoted; "but few men are so great that they cannot be overrated; and assuredly Spohr is not one of them." As Dangle, in the *Critic*, says: "Y—e—s, this is very true, although he is my friend." We unwillingly read these detractions; yet we repose with confidence upon the judgment both of the writer in the *Chronicle*, and the reviewer of "The last hours of the Saviour," in No. 26 of the *Musical World*, because we believe them to be men superior to the weakness of a headlong prejudice, and that they are swayed only by a singleness of purpose, to advance what they feel to be the consummation of the *true* as well as the beautiful in art. "The Christian's Prayer," notwithstanding its passages of almost surpassing loveliness, is not likely to become a stock-piece at the great musical performances in this country; and for the reasons assigned. The cantata, as a whole, was exceedingly well performed. We could have wished that the lovely pastoral duet 'O clothe our valleys with ripening corn,' had been more carefully studied by Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Braham; but in all the other instances, both the soli and the chorus singers did ample justice to the music.

After the performance of a full chorus by the Chevalier Neukomm, 'O, clap your hands,' and which opened the third part, Marcello's duet 'Qual anelante cervo,' was sung by Mme. De Beriot and Miss Clara Novello. For exquisite quality of tone in the two singers, correctness of style, and accuracy of execution, this performance was pronounced on all hands to be one of the gems of the day; while the effect that it produced upon the audience was so simultaneous and unequivocal, that many, forgetting the place where they were assembled, applauded openly. The piece was encored, and some time after it was repeated; for Mme. De Beriot was too ill and exhausted to go through the task immediately. In the descending passage in the bass, at the close of the quick movement, we were delighted with the crisp and beautiful playing of Lindley and Dragonetti. An agreeable piece by the Chevalier Neukomm, 'Oft from the steep of echoing hill,' was very charmingly sung by Mr. Phillips. Although we believe that we have awarded the composition its full merit by the epithet "agreeable," we cannot in justice omit speaking in warm terms of the accompaniment for the flute, clarinet, and horn obli-

gati, which was played with much delicacy and precision by Messrs. Nicholson, Willman, and Platt. The knowledge of instrumental effect, we take to be the Chevalier Neukomm's strong-hold. In one only instance, that we observed, were the chorus at fault in the selection from the Israel in Egypt; and that was at a point in 'He sent a thick darkness,' when the tenors on one side came in before the other: with this exception, they went with admirable correctness and expression. The selection consisted of the 'Hailstone,' (the one just named) 'He rebuked the Red Sea,' in the last sublime movement of which, ('But the waters overwhelmed their enemies') the bass of Dragonetti was distinctly perceptible, like a whale sporting amid the storm; and the crowning chorus 'The Lord shall reign.' Here again Mme. De Beriot displayed her extraordinary energy of character;—to the wonder of those who knew how great had been her suffering, she poured forth the solo 'Sing ye to the Lord,' with a sustained fervour and brilliancy of tone, as if she had been in perfect health. The exertion, alas! has not been unattended with serious effects, and apprehension for her safety. The beautiful recitative 'Hail, holy light,' which Sir George Smart restored from the original copy of the oratorio in His Majesty's library, and which was first sung by Miss Clara Novello at the Westminster Abbey Festival with so much credit to herself, she repeated upon the present occasion. The duet 'The Lord is a man of war,' (the minor to which we think the finer movement) was bravely sung by Messrs. Phillips and Machin.

THE SECOND EVENING CONCERT was very crowded. The evening performances at the Festivals are not in general signalised by classical refinement in the selection. The singers all choose their favourite pieces—at least those which they know to be favourites with the million. The Concerts at Manchester, therefore, were no wit superior, in classical selection, to those of any other performance of a similar feature, provincial or metropolitan. The programme, like the assembly, was a medley of intellectual character. Mozart's symphony in D, which was delightfully played, especially the andante; the overture to Guillaume Tell, the last movement of which, the worst, was, according to custom, encored; the overture also to Euryanthe; a violoncello concerto by Lindley, (an attempted encore); and the Chevalier Neukomm's septett, played by Messrs. Nicholson, Grattan Cooke, Willman, Baumann, Platt, Harper, and Dragonetti,—constituted the instrumental pieces of the evening. Among the vocal pieces, those meriting especial notice were—the favourite canon from the Fidelio, sung very charmingly by Mesdames De Beriot and Clara Novello, Messrs. Bennett and Phillips: the pretty air from Robert le Diable, 'Idole de ma vie,' by Miss Clara Novello; Haydn's canon-zonnet 'She never told her love,' with much expression by Mrs. Shaw; the sweet little melody 'Rose softly blooming,' from Spohr's Azor and Zemira, by Mrs. Bishop; 'Non più andrai,' by Lablache, and 'Se fiato,' from the Matrimonio Segreto, with Phillips, both magnificently sung,—the wind instruments in the former playing to absolute perfection; Purcell's 'Mad Tom,' by Mr. Braham; and the 'Sento oh Dio,' from *Così fan Tutte*, in which Mme. Caradori supplied the place of Mme. De Beriot, with Madlle. Assandri, Messrs. Ivanoff, Phillips, and Lablache. The last piece that Mme. De Beriot sang was in a duet with Mme. Caradori, from Mercadante's *Andronico*, a composition of the most florid character. It was received with immense applause, and the last movement encored. She did repeat it; and then even her great energy gave way. All regretted the occasion, and unaffectedly sympathised with the sufferer; for, selfishness out of the question, nothing sinks so effectually to the root of an Englishman's heart, as determined endurance to the uttermost.

THE THIRD DAY was devoted to the *Messiah*, a work which, as it is the grandest in design, and the most complete in execution, of all the efforts of

musical genius, so we agree again with the *Chronicle* in protesting against its being made to yield place to greater novelties. The *Messiah*, in its sublime unity, should be heard at least four times every year; and we offer our tribute of applause to the judgment of the Manchester committee, in devoting one day of their festival to the performance of this immortal work. To speak of it in a mercantile sense, the *Messiah* is "a sure card." It always brings a full audience, if worthily supported; the present occasion being a case in point, for the church was crowded. To go into detailed remarks upon a performance that is so frequently repeated, cannot but be uninteresting to the reader; suffice it to say, that the principal singers acquitted themselves excellently, and that the choruses, by the consent of all, were to say perfect. To the best of our abilities, good intent, and impartially, we shall always render justice to public performers, leaning from constitutional inclination to the good-natured side; with this feeling, therefore, as well as from principle, we have always endeavoured to mete out to Mrs. Shaw her full mede of approbation and encouragement: if, however, we do not go the length of one writer, who pronounced her singing the air 'He was despised,' to be "beyond all praise," she will distinguish a real well-wisher from an injudicious friend. Mrs. Shaw knows quite as well as we *how* she sang both the air in question, and the duet 'O death, where is thy sting.' The lady has a fair field in prospect; it is for her to prevent another sharing the occupancy; and this is to be accomplished by uniform *care* as well as study alone.

THE THIRD EVENING CONCERT.—By the hour of commencement, not a seat in the theatre was unoccupied; and even the standing room was almost equally full. The instrumental pieces were—the pastoral symphony of Beethoven; Mendelssohn's overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,'—an extraordinary composition for a youth under twenty; a most beautiful concerto on the violin by M. De Beriot; a trio of Corelli, played by Messrs. Lindley, Crouch, and Dragonetti, which was instantly and unanimously encored; and the overture to the Zaubrerflöte, that concluded the Concert. The admired vocal pieces were—the 'Swiss Boy,' with variations, sung by Miss Clara Novello, and accompanied by Mr. Nicholson; 'Auld Robin Grey,' by Mrs. Knyvett, and greatly applauded; 'Udite, tutti udite,' from the Matrimonio, admirably sung by Lablache: a MS. duet by Braham and Phillips, 'Old acquaintance,' the words by Barry Cornwall, rapturously encored; 'Over the dark blue waters,' from the Oberon, most choicely sung by Miss Clara Novello, Mrs. Shaw, Messrs. Bennett and Machin; Mr. Bishop's popular air, 'Should he upbraid,' sung by Mme. Caradori (by desire), encored; 'Vivi tu,' by Ivanoff, encored; 'Ascolta,' from Bellini's Capuletti, by Mdle. Assandri, much applauded; and the 'Con pazienza,' from Il Fanatico, by Mme. Caradori, in the place of Mme. De Beriot, furiously encored. So ended the last evening Concert of the Festival.

THE FOURTH, AND LAST DAY, saw the church crowded to excess; and no wonder, for the musical attraction was of a highly popular, as well as of the choicest character. The selection consisted of Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives,' occupying the first part; a miscellaneous selection, with a few movements from Cudmore's Oratorio, 'The Martyr of Antioch,' constituting the second; and Spohr's 'Last Judgment,' the whole of the third part.

The recitative, which succeeds the 'Introduction,' (a rich piece of instrumentation) was finely delivered by Mr. Braham; as was the air following, 'See, his soul is torn,' a composition of great fire and pathos; distinguished moreover by very lovely effects, particularly for the wind instruments,—and which, in the present instance, shown out in conspicuous beauty. Mme. Caradori, in the brilliant solo, with chorus, 'O hail ye sons of mortals,' sang with judgment and effect; the basses in the quick movement were a little

unsteady. Afterwards, in the recitative 'Thus wills Jehovah,' well sung by Mrs. Bishop, the ascending passage for the tromboni was played with excellent effect; as was the violoncello obligato in the symphony of the succeeding duet. Miss Clara Novello delivered the recitative 'O, cruel death,' with considerable pathos and correctness of expression; but the pianissimo of the chorus of Roman soldiers immediately after ('He came towards this mountain') was inexpressibly exciting. The same were equally excellent in the next chorus, 'Here, seize him!' The effect of the imploring disciples, heard at intervals in the minor, during the pauses of the persecuting fury, always struck us as being a fine specimen of dramatic writing;—whether it be legitimately of oratorio character, has been questioned: we are not "exclusives." The effect of the wind instruments again, in the recitative 'O let the sword,' was exquisitely beautiful; and the succeeding and last trio 'O children of our Father,' was sung in a perfect manner by Miss Clara Novello and Messrs. Braham and Phillips; the last singer admirable in the previous solo of the same movement, 'My soul with rage and fury.' The last chorus, 'Hallelujah to the Father,' was encored. How fine that crescendo upon the words 'Worlds unborn shall sing his glory;' and how beautiful the effect of the running passage for the wind, followed by the stringed instruments! With but trifling drawbacks, this was a noble performance.

The second part commenced with Luther's Hymn, arranged by Sir George Smart, for a full orchestra; and sung, of course, by Mr. Braham. The trumpet solo was not introduced till after the words announcing the circumstance. Mr. Machin followed with his favourite air, 'He layeth the beams,' and which he sings with great force and propriety of expression. Afterwards followed the charming cantata of Eve's lament, by Mr. Bishop, and which was sweetly sung by Madame Caradori. Beautiful as this composition is in a variety of its features, its chief excellence, in our estimation, lies in the masterly selection and appropriation of the instruments. Previously to this delightful composition, Mrs. Knyvett, in consequence of the absence of Madame De Beriot, introduced and sang with her accustomed devotional expression, 'Angels ever bright and fair.' Sig. Lablache, in our judgment, was much too loud, and, as it were, threatening, in the fine solo, 'Qui tollis peccata,' from Haydn's Mass No. 2,—a manner at total variance with the sentiment either of the words or music. The interspersed chorus was excellent.

We regret to say that our approbation of Mr. Cudmore's Oratorio (judging of course by what we heard upon the present occasion) must be very 'craftily qualified,' if it be worth his or any one's acceptance. We listened attentively, and can form no other estimate than that the character of the music is agreeable. Four movements only from the whole oratorio were performed; two airs and two choruses. The first of each class, 'Yet once again I touch thy golden strings,' and 'Hallelujah! Lord our God!' are smooth and pleasing strains; but the two last have not even this quality to recommend them; the one, a recitative and air, 'Oh! thou polluted,' &c. being uninteresting and heavy; and the chorus, 'He came from the dark ages,' is excessively tiresome; possessing neither invention nor beauty of character and construction.

Making due allowance for the music of 'The Last Judgment' being comparatively new to the choral singers of Manchester and its vicinity, those concerted movements went upon the whole remarkably well—certainly better than we had foreboded. The 'Holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts;' 'All glory to the Lamb;' the lovely pastoral solo to which was nicely sung by Mrs. Knyvett; 'Lord God of Heaven and Earth;' and, 'Blessing and Honour,' &c. by much the best. The introductory solo to the last chorus, and of which it forms the subject, was delivered with considerable energy and effect by Mr.

Bennett. The recitative, 'And lo! a throne was set in heaven,' a striking piece of musical eloquence, was pronounced by Mr. Braham with that instinctive perception of the poetry of his subject, which constitutes the prevailing feature of his singing. One of the most exquisite and masterly pieces of expression and modulation however, in all the solos of this great work, reside in the movement, 'Those who passed through heavy tribulation:' and this fine solo Mrs. Shaw sang with correctness and great beauty of expression. She was not—'Oh! the pity of it!'—so commendable in the alto part (and it is a charming one) of the immediately succeeding quartett, 'Yes, every tear and sorrow;' in which she was associated with Miss Clara Novello, Messrs. Bennett and Machin. We have little to say that will not run into mere eulogy when writing our impressions of the accompanied recitative, 'The day of wrath is near;' with Mr. Phillips' vigorous manner of proclaiming it. The fierce character of the melody, and the turbulence of the instrumentation, in which the clarionets, bassoons, and drums, take a conspicuous share, was all sublimely effective. The affecting prayer, 'Forsake me not,' sweetly sung by Mrs. Knyvett (in the place of Mme. de Beriot) with Mr. Braham, precedes the grand feature of the oratorio, 'Destroyed is Babylon.' Here the masterly instrumentation of Spohr, and his startling effects of modulation stand forth in unsurpassed splendour. The impression he produces by that succession of chromatic descents upon the passage, 'The grave gives up its dead! The sea gives up its dead! The seals are broken;' &c. is as profound, as the whole treatment is genius-like. The symphony to this tremendous chorus, and which is intended to describe the final ruin and destruction of the world, is a marvellous instance of the composer's power in producing orchestral effects. And then, with the gradual subsiding of that rolling turbulence, which expires in a low mutter of the basses, how deeply affecting the simple expression of those four desolate and mournful notes, 'It is ended!' In giving utterance to that little passage, Mr. Braham evidently felt—he certainly imparted—the full grandeur of the scene. All recollection of sublimity will have passed away when we can no more recall the feeling which ensued upon the first performance of this piece at the Philharmonic Concert. The heavenly strain, 'Blest are the departed,' was most beautifully sung by Miss Clara Novello and Messrs. Terrail, Bennett, and Phillips. One of the most charming points in this quartett is the descending passage upon the words, 'They rest from their labours, and *their works follow them.*' The last recitative, 'I saw a new heaven,' was delightfully sung by Mrs. Knyvett; who also in the succeeding quartett, 'O lord who shall not fear thee?' was equally well supported by Mrs. Shaw, Messrs. Bennett, and Machin. The last chorus, 'Hallelujah!' completed the musical portion of this festival, of which we take our leave with sentiments of almost unmingled approbation; complimenting the committee of management upon their general good taste, zeal, and energy; upon their uniform liberality of conduct; and upon their encouraging success—the result of it. We are informed, and we hope correctly, that there will be a surplus from the expenses and receipts of 5,000*l.* for the charities.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.—SEPTEMBER 20.

THE festival at this city is remarkable for having given the tone to some of the other provincial musical meetings, a fact which may be attributed to the enthusiasm of some of the gentlemen connected with the place, and the excellence of the several charities whose funds are to be increased by its celebration. The chorus-singers are, we understand, unusually good, being experienced hands selected from the Norwich and several other provincial choral-societies. They muster about 270, of whom 80 are trebles, 50 altos, 60 tenors, and 78 basses. The instrumentalists amount to upwards of an

hundred in number. Mr. F. Cramer and Mr. Blagrove led alternately; the former at the morning and the latter at the evening performances. Most of the London professors who are usually secured on these occasions, are here; and with such men as Lindley, Crouch, Hatton, Lucas, Bannister, for the violoncello, and Wagstaff, Hill, Reeve, Newsome, and others, to take care of the violins, the music, so far as the orchestra is concerned, will probably go well. The Cards, Grattan Cooke, Keat, Willman, Powell, Denman, Tully, C. Tully, Roe, Ponder, Deeks, Irvin, Smithies, Howlett, and young Harper are the principals of the brass and wood bands. Mr. Chipp, of course, is here, to whom is entrusted the honor of beating a pair of new drums, made expressly for this festival, by the Rev. R. F. Elwin, who has displayed extraordinary genius and great mechanical skill in the construction of these and other matters connected with the festival. *Il Drago*, Nicholson, Platt, and Harper are absent; the loss or absence of the first is an incident which makes one quite melancholy; no disparagement to Howell, who is a good and steady performer; and what is a better recommendation, a modest, unassuming man. But *Il Drago*, with his experience and extraordinary genius, is a host in himself, on these occasions. Harper's absence also cannot be repaired; and there is no Distin here to supply his place. Sir G. Smart suffers like a martyr in the cause; the Baton appears an integral part of his outward man. The assistant leader is Mr. C. T. Hall; assistant organist, Mr. E. Clare; and the chorus master, Mr. Hill. Mr. Buck, the cathedral organist, appears to take no active part in the matter. The hall, dedicated to St. Andrew, in which the morning and evening performances are held, is truly a striking and noble feature; and, with the cathedral, forms the principal attraction of the place. The cathedral has been denied the committee, and they neither need it, nor care for it; for the hall is spacious, and admirably adapted for a musical festival.

The organ is remarkably fine, and presents a singular appearance. It is entirely at the back of the orchestra; and the new pedal pipes, the work of the Rev. R. F. Elwin, are so constructed as of themselves to form the front. They are very large and of prodigious thickness, and made of a peculiarly hard and close-grained wood. The unsettled state of the weather, and non-engagement of Malibran, have rendered things a little gloomy; but the people are coming into the town rapidly; and after two hard days' rehearsal, the music ought to receive justice.

Tuesday Evening, 12 o'clock.

We have just returned from the concert, which has been a very gay and splendid scene.

The hall is an exceedingly beautiful object when lighted up; and the extent of its vast area becomes more apparent and certain to the eye. It is apparently, in area, nearly as large as the one at Birmingham. It is lighted with gas; and the links of five wreaths, including each window, and spreading from pillar to pillar, and then terminating in a little urn of the bright element, are exceedingly beautiful. The place was excellently well filled. At this Festival, every soul engaged attends the evening as well as the morning performance; and the grand orchestra, amounting to nearly 400 individuals, is a charming sight. We were rejoiced to see the slightly serious and melancholy face of Blagrove, as the youthful leader of so large a band. It shewed that homage to talent and first-rate ability, which could not but prove a great and encouraging lesson to the energy and industry of the rising genius of our country. The principal vocalists are Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bruce, Miss Rainforth, Mrs. A. Shaw, Miss Tipping, Signora Assandri, Signor Ivanoff, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. E. Taylor, and Signor Lablache.

The concert opened with Haydn's Symphony in C, the first of the set com-

posed for Salomon. It was gloriously performed, and vehemently applauded. Madame Caradori and Mr. Hobbs sang the *solis* parts in the national anthem; the latter with more fire and energy than we should have supposed him capable of displaying. The last verse was sung as a quartett by the lady and gentleman, assisted by Messrs. Hawkins and Phillips. The compositions which followed were principally of the Italian school, with the exception of 'Non più andrai,' spiritedly sung by Lablache.

The English specimens were, a very lugubrious and sentimental mystery, sung by Miss Bruce, and composed by Attwood; Phillip's ballad from Balfe's last opera; a quartett, sung by Miss Rainforth, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. E. Taylor, by Bishop; Festa's Madrigal; and the well-known melody "Black-eyed Susan." The attraction of the evening was, of necessity, Lablache; his personal appearance always excited a great sensation, his quirks and quidities were greeted with shouts of laughter, and at his *tours de force* the audience were positively delirious, and perfectly abandoned in the expression of their admiration. His first appearance by the side of the slim Assandri, and her soft expression, contrasted with the living representation of "my own sweet Jack," set the audience off into a roar of mirth, from which they never finally recovered themselves throughout the evening. The *encores* were, the song from *Italiana in Algiera*, sung by Mrs. Shaw, the duet, 'Se fiato in corpo avete,' sung by Lablache and E. Taylor, the barcarolle from *Marino Faliero*, sung by Ivanhoff, the madrigal, and Caradori's Scotch ballad, 'Jock o'Hazledean.' Madlle. Assandri sang "Se Romeo" in a most delightful manner, as also Mr. Hobbs his ballad. The concerted music met also with great approbation; and Miss Rainforth, Miss Bruce, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Phillips, acquitted themselves admirably. 'The light of other days' was a flat failure: the Norwich people are no fools, and the flag-stone combination of a Kent bugle, harp, &c. met with no favour in their eyes. He has, consequently, changed his other song for one of a more classical description, and is going to sing 'Mad Tom.' Mr. Edward Taylor agreeably surprised his friends by the unusual vivacity and comic humour displayed in his duet with Lablache. It was cleverly performed, and, although Lablache had all the power in his favour, he did not exhibit all the fun. The concert passed off with great éclat, and did not terminate till a late hour.

The conclusion of the first *Morning's* performance is in hand, but is unavoidably postponed on account of the press of other matter.

An overflow of subjects also prevents our giving a notice of the successful performance of *The Quaker*, at the English Opera House.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"*The Cloud-capt Towers*," a Glee for Six voices, by R. J. S. Stevens. COVENTRY & HOLLIER.

This originally formed one of a collection of glees published by the graceful composer of "Ye spotted snakes," in which were included two other of his most meritorious compositions in the same branch of writing—"Crabbed age and youth," and "Ossian's address to the sun," for 5 voices. The piece in question is intended to convey a hymn-like choral character, in chords of simple progression; and is remarkable for no other feature deserving attention.

Overture, "Il Pirata," composed by Bellini, arranged for the piano-forte, with accompaniments (ad lib.) for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, by S. F. Rim-bault. H. FALKNER.

The admirers of Bellini will find this overture (and which is a favourite with them) fully and well arranged for the piano-forte performer. It is a good piece to play to a talkative party; for, like a canary bird, its clatter will increase with their tintamarre.

A Larghetto and Allegro Vivace for the Piano-forte, by W. Joyce. D'ALMAINE. Apparently the production of a youthful musician. As a work of distinguished science, the author would no doubt be the first to renounce any claim: as a useful school lesson it may fairly take its station. A third-rate player could probably accomplish all the passages.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hérolde's opera of 'Zampa' has been translated into the Russian language, and was performed at Moscow with great success.—*Morning Post*.

PORTRAITS OF MOZART AND BEETHOVEN.—The Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge have included in their 'Gallery of Portraits' a very beautiful engraving of Mozart, by J. Thompson, taken from the most authentic likeness of that greatest musical genius. The print from which it was copied accompanied a slight sketch of his life, that was printed for private distribution shortly after his death. From one of these, in the possession of Mr. Stumpf, the harp manufacturer, the engraving in question was taken. The same gentleman has also caused to be engraved in lithography (we know not whether he has published it) a portrait of Beethoven; and which he states to be a more faithful likeness of the original than the one most commonly known both here and in Germany. The execution of this piece of art is also very beautiful.

An appropriate monument is about to be erected at Vienna to the memory of the Abbé Stadler, the celebrated German organist and composer, and the intimate friend of Mozart and Haydn, who died in the Austrian capital the year before last. The Abbé wrote a variety of works, more particularly masses, and a Requiem, which is considered equal to the works of Haydn and Mozart. At the age of sixty he wrote his grand oratorio of 'Jerusalem Delivered,' which is frequently performed at Vienna, as well as at all the musical festivals in Switzerland and Germany. It is principally this work that has established Stadler's fame as a musician.—*Morning Post*. [The Abbé Stadler was not more distinguished by his talents as a musician, than by the extreme suavity of his manner, and Christian-like benevolence of character. A more amiable man we can scarcely conceive to have existed.]

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Commandant Braham and his aide-de-camp Harley, are busily engaged in preparing for opening this theatre on Thursday next. Three new pieces are in active rehearsal, in which several candidates for public favor will make their debut. The first is an entertainment by Boz, taken from one of his comic sketches, called 'The Strange Gentleman,' in which Harley will sustain the principal part; and the Misses Smith (nieces of Miss Stephens) will exhibit their vocal abilities. The second piece will be an operetta, in which Mr. John Parry will make his first bow on the stage; also two young ladies of the names of Parsons and Stanley, as well as Mr. Daly, wid a touch of the real Hibernian brogue. Barnett's 'Monsieur Jacques' will also be performed; to be followed by a burletta, called 'The Tradesman's Ball,' in which most of the company will appear. After the Liverpool Festival, Mr. Braham, Miss Rainforth, and Mr. J. Bennett, will appear in 'Artaxerxes,' and immediately afterwards, the new opera, of which we have already spoken, will be brought out, supported by the vocal strength of the company; so that variety and novelty will be the order of the day.

ST. CECILIA.—A gentleman travelling through France saw, in a collection of pictures, a portrait of St. Cecilia playing on an organ, surrounded by a number of little angels on wing. On asking of a Frenchman an explanation of the picture, he replied, that the Saint, on one occasion, played and sang

with such superlative effect, that the chapel became suddenly full of cherubims, who had been attracted from heaven by the divine strains. The fair Saint, feeling for the fatigue consequent upon their prolonged flutterings, requested them to be seated in these words: "Asseyez-vous donc, mes enfans." "Merci, Madame, merci,—mais nous n'avons pas de quoi," ("we have not the wherewith") replied the all-winged, no-bodied celestials.

A correspondent, Mr. (not Dr.) Johnson of Surry, complains that certain theatres on this side of the water impinge on the equestrian reputation of Astley's; and cites, as the ground of his complaint, the late introduction of the 'Bronze Horse,' and the present performance of the 'Pacha's Bridle'! We should be sorry to suspect any man of a wilful pun, but is not our correspondent having a *bit* of fun with us? If not, we would advise him no more to trust to his play-bill than he would to his baker's-bill, but examine for himself. And to managers we strongly recommend the introduction of a glossary into their *affiches*; mistakes will arise, and persons were found dull enough to take the 'Perils of Pippins' for a new version of *Paradise Lost*—or the old tale of scandal of Mount Ida; while others maintained that it was to be a *sickly* drama, founded on Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*.

MAN AN ORGAN.—If I were to compare the human machine to any of our contrivances of art, I should choose for my foundation a large organ; wherein the bellows answer to the animal circulation, the pipes to the organs of sensation and reflection, and the organist to the mind. But the organist here does not make all the music: for the pipes are so contrived, as to sound with the striking of things external upon them, or by the mere working of the bellows, which plays as it were by clock-work, without a blower.—*Tucker's Light of Nature pursued.*

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANO-FORTE.

- CZERNY'S Brill. Fantasias from Italian Operas, Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8 COOPER
 Brill. Rondo on the Empress of Austria's March .. WESSEL
 Lyre d'Apollon, Marches et Polonaises, Nos. 60, 61, 62 DITTO
 Quadrilles from Guillaume Tell and Fra Diavolo, by Strauss .. CHAPPELL
 Original, "La Folie," with "Un Valse Sentimentale," by A. Fléche JEFFERTS
 "The Festival Quadrilles," for four hands, by W. H. Montgomery, M.B.S. DITTO
 Roheff's Polonaise
 March
 Salle d'Apollon, German Waltzes and Galops, Nos. 173, 174 WESSEL
 The Elizabeth Waltz. Strauss. ALDRIDGE
 The Mosaïque Waltz. Ditto. DITTO
 SONGS.
 All the world is scheming (Comic) MASON
 Ere we slumber seek (Duet) Danneley BALLS
 Gysies' Chant. Danneley DITTO
 How lovely nature shines. Beethoven WESSEL
 Noble Chatelaine, Prayer, 4 v. (Count Ory) Rossini. CHAPPELL
 The child's first grief (Duet) Mrs. Hemans. E. J. Neilson ALDRIDGE

- The youthful chief (L.E.L.) Keays. ALDRIDGE
 "The Blooming Rose for me," J. Harroway, R. A. of Music JEFFERTS
 The Rhine wine (das Rhein wein) E. Taylor LONSDALE
 The Queen of the Roses. C. Blondell GEORGE
 There is beauty in the sunbeam. G. F. Taylor MASON
 Thy heart and lute. J. Rudersdorff NOVELLO

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Merck's vars. on Tyrolese Theme, op. 18. (for vcello, with orch. quartett. and p.f. acct. EWER
 Hungarian Theme, op. 19. (for ditto) DITTO
 Musical Gallery, No. 5 to 8 JOHANNING
 Ruck's 3 afterludes op. 78 (organ). BALLS
 Movements (Select) from Haydn, Handel, and Mozart, (ditto) 6 Nos. H. G. Nixon D'ALMAINE

FOREIGN.

- Ciel del mio prode Ermano, (I Briganti) D'ALMAINE
 Dove corre quel empio, (ditto) .. DITTO
 Giorno d'orrore, 2 voices with Guitar. Verini CHAPPELL
 Notte il silenzio addoppia, 3 voices (I Briganti) D'ALMAINE
 Non lasciami anima m'a PLATTS

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